

A CHAPTER *of* TRAPPIST HISTORY  
*in* KENTUCKY

*By* YOUNG E. ALLISON

# A CHAPTER *of* TRAPPIST HISTORY *in* KENTUCKY

By YOUNG E. ALLISON

♦

This paper was originally read  
before the Filson Club, Louisville,  
November 2, 1926, and is here  
first printed.

PRIVATELY PRINTED  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY  
1926

### *From the Dust Heap*

[It is to be explained that this chapter of history is made up from many little scraps found here and there in histories, biographies, letters, reports and dusty court records. Every now and then some incident of three strange lives impressed a traveler or neighbor as noteworthy for the time, and was separately set down, each unrelated to the others. The name of the principal actor struck me with its grotesque unusualness to our American ears and thus kept itself in view. His dramatic death and its sequel seemed to me a lost romance of real history. So I set myself to hunt down and piece together the scattered fragments. Nobody knows where the outstanding figure lies buried. But that unknown grave would nobly bear a modest monument.]

*To* OTTO A. ROTHERT

## *A Chapter of Trappist History*

---

Let us begin with Shakespeare, who has absolutely nothing to do with this case, except by way of his philosophic comments applicable thereto. Juliet murmurs to Romeo:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

In this scrap of history, even the name of the principal actor is hedged about with uncertainty. It seems to be Ignatius Hottenroth. But whatsoever the name, the man himself was a modest rose of devotion. His memory smells as sweet after a hundred years in ceremonies as lavender from a chest long closed but opened at last. The name is Hottenroth in all printed mentions, but in the old order book of the County Court of Nelson County, Kentucky, of 1817, it may be Hollenroth. At least if they are twin "t's" in the writing they are not crossed. In prints he appears once or twice as John. His full name might well have been Ignatius John or John Ignatius Hottenroth or Hollenroth. Let us adopt the Hottenroth.

Names have their meanings even when they have no present significances. If Ignatius was a Hollenroth his German surname would signify something like "hellish red" or as we should say it "red as hell." But Hottenroth first suggests to the American-German mind, "red hot." If the word is a corruption of the German *huten-roth* it would signify "red skin." If it is a name constructed from the patois of the Franco-German melting pot of Alsace-Lorraine (whence he probably came) it might have been originally *haut-en-roth*, or "high with red," which would be Americanized into the familiar "red" or "brick top." If it is a corruption of *Huttenroth* it means "red hat."

In the old order book the name was furnished by his friend and partner, F. F. Cachot, who was appointed his administrator. But Cachot was no prize speller. Besides, the clerk wrote the name down, and might have been careless. Cachot gave his own name to the court as "Ferjeux," signed his own will as "Felix" and spelled his Cachot indifferently two ways with a "c" or an "s." Probably his

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

Christian names were Felix Ferjeux. His will shows him splendidly cacorthographic, untrammelled of all lettered conventions, spelling names and words as he heard and felt them, and not as a slave of anybody's orthodoxy.

It would appear that some dim ancestor of Hottenroth was characterized by redness of skin, or flaming locks, or by his hat with red feathers blowing in the wind as he rode into battle against Caesar's legions or Charlemagne's battalions—his sword whirling with death on the edge. No other suggestion of our Hottenroth's personal appearance can ever be made. But it may be permissible to picture him to ourselves as red-headed, red-bearded, a stalwart Alsatian peasant, silent, tenacious, "dumb" (as we say), mystical, bent upon suffering on earth to reach eternal bliss in heaven. He went boldly upon a road trod by the potential martyrs of all time.

If you have read your Shakespeare closely you will remember that when Juliet pooh-poohed Romeo upon his Montaguan name she followed it quickly with the relevant questions: "How camest thou hither?—tell me—and wherefore?" She went straight to the meat of the matter. If Ignatius Hottenroth had been asked those questions he probably would have answered to the first "from Alsatia" or "Lorraine." But to the second—wherefore?—he most certainly would have answered: "In obedience to the will of God and the instruction of my superiors in His service."

For Hottenroth had been a lay brother of the Reformed Cistercian Order, known as Trappist monks—a lay brother, to hew stone, draw water and upturn the soil in order that holiness might subsist. The members of that order live under more austere regulations of labor, devotion and mortification of the body than those of any other organization in the whole Christian roll-call. He was attached to the mother house of La Trappe in France, the famous abbot of which—de Rance—in the seventeenth century had the great Armand Jean Richelieu for godfather and bore his Christian names.

Hottenroth was at La Trappe when Napoleon set out upon the Appian way of his imperialism. In 1803 the Jacobin war against religion in France closed this house with others and sent the members flying everywhere for refuge. Hottenroth was among those who fled to the Holy Valley in Switzerland, but that sanctuary was soon overcrowded and the refugees had to look elsewhere. In the winter of 1803-4 a party of twenty-seven was made up, headed by Father Urban

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

Guillet as Superior, to come to the United States where the torch of full religious liberty for all was said to be flaming.

Father Urban was a saintly man, glowing with religious exaltation, but of weak judgment and frail body. He was to be a babe in the backwoods of America. He led five priests and twenty-two lay brothers and boys across the ocean and settled first at Pigeon Hills in Eastern Pennsylvania. There his feet did not take hold. The ascetic practices of his silent community were not interfered with by law; but the heavy-eating, hard-drinking, hard-fighting frontiersmen could not understand these people who ate not, drank not, spoke not, fought and scrambled not for wealth, but devoted themselves wholly to labor, to prayer, to silent service, with their eyes fixed upon a life far off but everlasting. The monks were free in law but slaves to the neighboring freemen. Then Father Urban heard of Nelson County in Kentucky, where a colony of Maryland Catholics was settled, and he pulled up stakes and moved out to the promised land.

No march, not even that of the Ten Thousand Greeks under Xenophon, toiling after defeat from Persia back to the Euxine, can surpass the story of those unarmed, silent Trappists making their way through the deep Pennsylvanian forests to Pittsburgh, down the dangerous Ohio, and through the tangled wilderness to Nelson County, Kentucky. They had to encounter robbers, although they had nothing to lose; on their flatboat they tied up by day to escape murderous Indians, and floated dangerously by night. In Kentucky, after leaving the river, they encountered bears, wild cats, wolves and panthers. Even if they had been armed they would have killed no animal life. They lay by a fire at night with sentinels that brandished and flung firebrands to keep off the swarming beasts that beleaguered them. They were five months on the journey, during three of which they had only coarsest cornbread and water for food—and under their rule of abstinence, probably, only once a day. The forests were alive with game, the waters with fish, but the Trappist could eat no meat, or eggs, or butter, or drink milk, or consume any food that proceeds from an animal. And Father Urban was, besides, a strict disciplinarian.

Arrived in Nelson County there was no place to lay their heads or shelter them. Exhausted as they were they had to cut down the forest, shape the logs, build the miserable cabins that alone were possible to them, break and cultivate the raw soil for the lentils and corn they must depend upon to support life. And to fight the fever

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

—malarial fever, malignant—worse than all the wild beasts! It seized upon them, worn and emaciated as they were, and decimated them. Two of the sick priests were taken into the sixteen-foot-square log cabin of Father Theodore Badin, the first great missionary priest of the cis-Alleghanies—that acorn of pure zeal from which the whole oak forest of Catholicity in the mid-west was to grow. The two died, as did a third, and some of the lay brothers. For months death and the fever stalked them. Then they moved to what is now Casey County, some thirty-odd miles away and repeated the struggle, reinforced by Father Marie Joseph Dunand, who was to write the story, and who had arrived with a few recruits.

Father Urban was ever restless and looking afield. He was no Trappist born to seclusion and silence. He was an evangelist ever hunting souls to be saved—a falcon perched upon the finger of God, eager to be unhooded and set aflight after the lost or wandering. So, after some three years of privation and toil he built flatboats on Rolling Fork Creek, and floated down Salt River bound for Missouri to found an Indian mission. Worse and worse grew their fate. They met with horrors among the savages that made Casey Creek seem like a place of easy rest. Behind that the smiling fields and cool cloisters of La Trappe must have glowed in their memories like a mirage of the True Paradise.

The whole story of these wanderings—a compressed "Anabasis"—was written by Father Dunand to his abbot in France. It bristles with the horrors and trials these men and boys walked through naked to danger. It was written with no eye to publicity. It lay in the dusty archives of La Trappe nearly a hundred years before it was put into English and printed in America recently. Of this Father Dunand, it is said by tradition, that he was a conscript of Napoleon and having been ordered on an occasion to execute a priest, he led the condemned man to a secluded spot, struck off his bonds, bade him fly and then himself fled in another direction. His life forfeit, he rejoined the Trappists and took refuge among American savages. His was a gloomy but exalted spirit. He sought to impose religion upon men as Napoleon sought to impose imperialism upon them. Both failed, but alike they carried dauntless courage and conviction.

In all this is no mention of Ignatius Hottenroth. Why, then, see it down? Because it gives us a panoramic view of his environment and adventures and a suggestion of his character and constitution.

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

He was with the monks from La Trappe to their utter failure in the West. Under his brown robe and cowl, through all labors and horrors, he carried a destiny and mission unknown even to himself. But one day it was to open into a splendid flower in spite of the fact that it was to blush unnoticed, if not unseen.

When Father Urban, worn out and discouraged, closed his curious house at Monk's Mound, Illinois, in 1813 and started to shepherd his flock back to France, he offered to release from their vows such of the lay brothers as preferred to remain in America and resume their trades in the world. Three of them accepted the dispensation. They were Ignatius Hottenroth, Felix F. Cachot and Peter Goetes, or Gates, as the latter came to be called. These three were fated to be picturesque figures even in that most picturesque community around early Bardstown. When the Trappists came laboriously up the Ohio they bade their companions good-bye and returned to that growing Catholic community.

Nelson County was then a place of glamour to the world. It had contained the fabled city of Lystra and a mythical Catholic landholding paradise of 120,000 acres, both originating in England and Wales and operated to fleece foreigners abroad—swindling schemes modeled on Law's Mississippi Bubble in France. They were the Kentucky Bubble. No city of Lystra was ever built; no colonists came to people the 120,000 acres, except to find themselves with no title to the land.

Bardstown, the capital seat, was even then the wonder town of the new West, although a village of probably not more than a thousand souls. It had not yet been sidetracked for river towns by the new-fangled steamboats. It was peopled from Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, with a streak of New York and New Jersey adventurers. It seethed with keen talents in law, politics, finance and business, and the air was filled with partisan or philosophic dreams of governmental perfection. Some had grown rich in land speculation and everybody was tapping the riches of nature with feverish hands. Log houses were beginning to vanish and frame and brick homes and stores were multiplying. Some of them remain today, evidences of their solidity and of the wealth that poured in and was poured out.

Mainly, the town was hot with law and politics. Madison was President. The long National political war begun between Hamilton and Jefferson was growing a little less bitter. The famous "era of good feeling" was approaching. Bardstown lawyers were ruling the

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

roost in the West. One James Buchanan, a graduate student of law, rode all the way from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, intending to begin practice in the Bardstown circuit. Arrived at Elizabethtown he went to the court-house and listened for two days to a group of Bardstown lawyers entering their pleas and arguing law and facts. Then he made up his mind that this was no place for a novice to seek cases, saddled his horse and rode back to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In 1856 he emerged thence to become President of the United States—an easier task than the conquest of the Bardstown bar.

About this time, Judge Lucius P. Little records in his admirable *Life of Ben Hardin*, a strange Frenchman arrived. He brought no letters. He was self-contained as to his own affairs, spent money lavishly on his pleasures and excitements, had all Bardstown burning with curiosity for some months, and then disappeared into the mystery from which he had emerged, leaving the gossip that he was a French prince incognito. This may have been the origin of the myth of Louis Philippe's residence and interest there. The Rowan homestead, famous as "Federal Hill," where Stephen C. Foster was to write "My Old Kentucky Home," already crowned the swelling hills east of the town beyond the horse-shoe bend of the river.

Socially the place was a curious mixture of high-rolling, high-thinking, high-laboring, high-gambling life. There was plenty of duelling, of lordly and sensitive standards of honor and also easy conventions of duplicity. Many of the settlers had brought with them the refinements of the best social life. There were slaves to do the labor. The rough pioneer element was also in evidence. It was Athens and Sparta merged, with perhaps a touch of Syracuse on the side. There were then living in the village young men who developed to become Senators, Attorney Generals of the United States, Secretaries of the Treasury, Postmaster Generals, Foreign Ministers—men of high talents. Bardstown had a name to conjure with. Success there was its own diploma to be recognized anywhere.

This was the scene upon which Ignatius Hottentoth and his two companions now entered—without money, with nothing but their hands and their discipline. How they started into the new life is unknown. But in such a community there are always helping hands for the worthy. Soon they were partners in a business which continued to flourish for thirty years. Goetes, the youngest, was a mere boy, one of those brought over in 1803-4 to be taught a trade. Cachot

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

was a skillful silversmith, clock-and watch-maker, and jeweler, as Goetes became. Cachot's clocks and silverware have been eagerly sought by collectors of antiques.

Was Hottenroth also a worker in silver? We don't know. Always his personality evades us—he is as a shadow. We do know of him that during the four short years of his life in Bardstown he made the outstanding impression of modest, conscientious piety and kindness. Even the saintly Bishop Flaget, just arrived in his humble log palace in the woods, was touched by it. Every Sunday and feast or fast day Hottenroth laboriously made the journey to the chapel of St. Thomas, four miles away, to attend early mass and take the blessed sacrament. For there was as yet no Catholic church in Bardstown. It was a matter of arising in darkness eight months of the year and making the trip through ice, snow, mud, or dust, in search of salvation. But it was nothing to a Trappist lay brother. Most probably Cachot and Goetes went, also, although we find no record of it. But they all lived lives of seclusion, the Trappist habit triumphant.

Mention of Hottenroth comes for the first time like lightning. It was on a Sunday in late March or opening April in 1817 that he arose early and taking with him a boy—white or black is not clear, as there were slaves in his house—set out for St. Thomas "for the relive of his soul" (as Cachot would express it) in the sacrament. During the day came up heavy storms and a cloudburst of rain that filled Rolling Fork river bankfull with rushing waters and floating debris. Disregarding the warnings of others that it might be dangerous to cross the stream at the ford, Hottenroth and the boy set out "with God," after church to return to Bardstown. He had faced such dangers before, also rivers covered with rotten ice—ice that broke under you as you walked—even on the vast Mississippi itself. One was always safe with God, here, or wherever God wanted you.

At the ford, some distance above the present bridge, man and boy rode into the rushing flood. The horse lost his footing and in a moment Hottenroth was swept to his death. The horse and boy somehow emerged from the whirlpool, gained the bank and carried the dreadful news to Cachot and Goetes and their sympathizing townsmen. As for Hottenroth, he vanished forever from men, leaving his mission to be worked out by others with an instrument he had made to their hands. In his death he was just beginning to live, but to

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

live again in the same atmosphere of Trappist silence, almost nameless.

He left no will. What should a Trappist Brother know of courts, processes, and the devil's brew of testamentary writing? He left an estate of value, because he and his partners had served their community shrewdly but honestly and well. Living with the frugality of Trappists, they had saved all they had not given to the church or in charity. Cachot knew what Hottenroth's expressed will was. He had told Cachot several times: "If anything happens to me first, I want the Bishop to have all my money to build the school he wants for boys." Cachot took that message to his pastor and the Bishop; but they were wise enough to know that no oral will could be proved in court. They took counsel and we may feel sure consulted the presiding magistrate, who in those days acted as County Judge and must have known them all.

Those old time magistrates made law by common sense. No oral will was offered, but Ferjeux Cachot on April 21, 1817, was duly appointed administrator of Hottenroth's estate with bond of \$5,000 exacted, and appraisers were appointed to determine the money value. Under statute law, in the absence of heirs, the property would escheat to the State. Hottenroth had no creditors, no heirs; no one knew his family, even—Trappists never gossip idly or sentimentally. After the formality was written into the record the magistrate probably instructed Cachot privately in the language of common sense and honesty:

"Now, when you and the appraisers have turned that property into money, you take the money and do with it what Hottenroth told you to do—give it to Bishop Flaget, take his receipt and keep all the papers. If anybody should question it come to me with the papers." Many modest estates were settled that way before the serpent of greed entered the garden of modern life.

Nobody arose to question Cachot's administration. He paid over some \$2,500 in cash to the good bishop—equal to \$25,000 in purchasing power today—and one of the apples of Bishop Flaget's eyes that day became ripe. He had desired and prayed for means to build a day school for boys, and Hottenroth knew it, and so in his last act handed him the money. The school building was promptly erected adjoining the new cathedral then building and all the boys of Bardstown could attend. For many years that building has been used as the rectory of St. Joseph's Church. Changed in its external aspects, beautified

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

and modernized, it yet remains substantially the solid brick house that Ignatius Hottenroth, his spirit, built.

Shortly afterward, when the cathedral church had been completed and Bishop Flaget moved to town to take up his episcopal residence, he determined to take his little seminary of St. Thomas with him. There was a handful of five students preparing for orders, and a few studying for worldly purposes. But there was no place to house the seminarians. "Let them go into the basement of the boys' school," said Bishop Flaget, "until we can put up a seminary building for them." It was done and when the bishop saw the seminarians and the day boys coming together, like lions and lambs in the millenium, a great light dawned in his mind.

"Why not a college—the College of St. Joseph's—where theology and the arts and letters of good general education shall be taught side by side by a faculty of competent priests?" That was the question in his mind. It was answered affirmatively. The seminary and the advanced classes in the day school were merged into St. Joseph's College then and there, and were sheltered in the house Ignatius Hottenroth had created, until the College building could be provided.

This, therefore, was the foundation, literal and symbolical, of St. Joseph's College, which was one of the oldest collegiate institutes west of the Alleghanies. For many years it was to hold a high place in the affectionate recollections of its student graduates in all walks of life. It held its own in song and story. Upon its hundredth anniversary Judge James H. Mulligan, of Lexington, poet, lawyer, historian, legislator, diplomat, friend of Robert Louis Stevenson during the last four years of the latter's life in Samoa—a pall-bearer at his funeral—read at the last reunion banquet his famous poem, "The Bells of Old St. Joseph."

In the faculty of that old seminary of St. Thomas and in its full flower of old St. Joseph's College, were a long line of priestly directors and teachers who within forty years were to become archbishops of four leading Archiepiscopal Sees of the United States—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston and San Francisco. A dozen or more bishops emerged, also, besides many distinguished fathers in the church. Great was the hierarchy it created. And with them marched governors of states, statesmen of national renown, lawyers, doctors and men of great business distinction.

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

The seed that Hottenroth's dead hand had put into the living hand of the bishop has multiplied in its fruition to the limits of America and, indeed, around the world. The education thus made possible to pioneer boys is yet handed down in their far scattered families to which the name of Ignatius Hottenroth is as unknown as if he had lived on the star Arcturus. The peasant boy born to obscurity, reared to silence and self-effacement, laboring in faith, dying in devotion with his soul cleansed and his heart undismayed, had met his destiny and accomplished his mission unknown even to himself.

There was to come a curious sequel to Hottenroth's death, which, some twenty-two years later threw a suggestion of light upon the inner personalities of these three emancipated but self-disciplined Trappists. When Hottenroth was drowned and Cachot found himself in the presence of worldly law and responsibilities, he evidently took stock of his own affairs and proceeded to regulate them. He, too, had property, as had the other remaining partner, Goetes. It was theirs, but in the last event it must be the church's, with God Himself as the Final Legatee.

So, as soon as he had Hottenroth's interest disentangled we find him making a will that would dispose of his own goods for his own purposes. Probably Goetes, his partner, made a reciprocal will at the same time, but it does not appear. Hottenroth died in the Spring. July 28th Felix Cachot executed his formal will. It was to develop and become unique in testamentary literature. The original was written in lawyer-like form, a perfectly clear instrument. The lawyer, A. Hubbard, who also signed as first of three witnesses it seems, curiously enough, might have been a Protestant, judged however wholly by the fact that he wrote in his clerkly hand twice the "Roman Chatolick Church." The misplaced "h" and redundant "k" in the word "Catholic" are the only blemishes upon an otherwise sound orthography.

The will provided for \$100 to be paid at once upon Cachot's death "to the holy Roman Chatolick church," for its benefit, with Peter M. Gates sole legatee for the remainder "for the term of one year," and then one-half of all was to be paid over to the church for the purpose of "educating youths of that profession," [i. e. of that religious faith], and Gates was to have the other half "to do as he pleases with."

That will, yellow with 109 years of accumulated age, reposes yet in the county court archives at Bardstown, where it was probated September 9, 1839. Cachot evidently regarded it with great respect.

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

After it was signed, sealed, witnessed and handed over to him he folded it up, sealed the flap with wax and endorsed it on the back:

FELIX F. CASHOT

His Last Will and Testament

No. 1. Bardstoune, Ky.

The handwrite is his own, exactly corresponding to his signature within. It is a highly ornamented neat and small French script, such as can be found in many engraved inscriptions on silver of the period. The capital letters are set out with graceful flourishes. It is mute testimony that Cachot was at least fairly educated in his own language and was the engraver of the silver plate he executed. His knowledge of English, however, was more or less phonetic, rather than visual. But his phonetics were unerring. He invariably gets the correct sound and invariably indicates it accurately. Thus in a phrase "21 yars of aige" he wrote unerringly the pronunciation of that day, for "years" was more nearly sounded as "yars" than is now the mode. It was English and colonial to say "yars." Even to this day in the British House of Commons, as well as in the noble Lords, when a speaker makes a notable statement which you find recorded in the reports as being greeted with an affirmative or challenging sound indicated by "Hear, hear!" those words are still sounded "Hyar, hyar!"

A close study of the photostat copy of the will in my possession reveals clearly its unique historical growth. It must have lain in a chest in Cachot's silversmith shop for sixteen years unchanged. Then he reviewed it. Those sixteen years had brought a change in his property condition, had effected some change in his outlook upon the world, but little if any upon his final duty to the church and his fellow men. He—a Trappist brother!—had acquired and owned slaves, three of them; but he evidently considered himself as owning them in trust for their own good, and they must have their ultimate freedom provided for.

Thus, on July 23, 1833, he took out and attacked the original will for its betterment. Frugal Frenchman as he was, with rigid Trappist discipline against all waste, why should he again pay a lawyer to write another will when he had a perfectly good one there to shape to his own changed purposes? He added a codicil in holograph, with his own spelling and punctuation (of the latter of which there is none). It reads:

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

"1833 July 23 in addition to my will and testament An [a slave woman Ann] is to be sette at liberty by paying Peter M. Gaites \$150 out of my property William his to be free at 21 yars of aige and little bla<sup>c</sup> Petter at the same aige they must be bound to a traide to Mr. Peter M. Gates or other

F. F. Cachot

"this few lines I have added in a hurry to my last wille wich I hope wille be admitted

"F. F. Cachot"

This holographic codicil to a properly witnessed will made the testator's desires perfectly plain. It was worthy of probate in any sensible court.

But there were other codicils and curious changes to be made. Cachot was to live seven years longer. He was growing old—he died in 1839, probably somewhere between 65 and 70 years of age—his handwriting was failing, but his conscience as to his duty and the disposition of his property, both human and inanimate, was active. At some time or other therefore he took pen in his quavering hand and set this line above the codicil of 1833:

"The slaives is to be free after my detps is paid"

But that was not to stand permanently. Again he crossed out the "21" in the phrase "21 yars of aige," made an asterisk and wrote below the codicil painfully: "at the last surviving [word illegible] of the 2 that is The last of us both Cashot and Gattes [words illegible probably "is to"] sette them 2 boys William and peter free at his deat in his wille F. F. Cashot"

These codicils would fully engage all the resources of a Philadelphia lawyer, as the saying was at that time. Still, as Goetes was executor, as well as co-legatee, he knew what Cachot wanted to do and was depended upon as being willing to have it done—that is, to protect "them 2 boys" in their freedom.

But now, or at some time when he was seeing the mortal end of him approaching down the ghostly avenue of time, Cachot made some changes in the body of the will itself. The first change is an addition to the phrase leaving \$100 "to the holy Roman Chatolick Church." To this he added the line "for the relive of his Soul suffering in the Flames of Purgatory." Also he reconsidered the purport of his bequest to the church for "educating the youths of that Profession," for St. Joseph's College had been built and was in high tide of success.

## TRAPPIST HISTORY

This he crossed out and wrote in its stead "for the purpose of praying [praying] for the souls Departed." The full half of the estate after Goetes' possession for the term of one year was altered to read: "one-half of the money part the Reel Estate to be is [his] for Ever." Then he crossed out the name of a second executor nominated with Goetes, so effectually that only the Christian name of "Edward" can now be deciphered.

In the end half the value of Cachot's personal property went for masses for the dead and the other half and the real estate to Goetes, the erstwhile Trappist boy.

What finally became of the slaves, "An" and "William" and "little blac Petter?" We do not know.

Goetes' story is soon told. He was the last of the three. He was now rich for those times. The older people from those far-off days—all, all, dead now—remembered him as a simple-minded, kind soul, who laughed noiselessly and often and had little to say but much to do. He was liked by everybody. When he had grown older, some time after 1844, a stranger came to Bardstown who was, or pretended to be, an Alsatian. He heard the story of Goetes and his tempting fortune, called on him, gained his confidence, persuaded him to realize all his wealth in money, led him off into Illinois to buy lands and grow enormously rich. They left; Goetes was soon stripped of all he had, and Bardstown and history have heard of him no more forever.

So of the worldly means these three Trappists amassed out of the very jaws of death and the humble mortification of their bodies in life, no trace is now visible except the walls of the present Rectory of the historic cathedral of old St. Joseph. It is a monument that has been preserved with much care, but, alas! neither the name nor the epitaph of him who made it possible appears upon it. It might well bear this line:

"We who also must die salute his work that lives on."